

# NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER SUMMER RESORT SUPPLEMENT

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WITH THE NEWPORT THROU  
BY CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER

NEWPORT, R. I., June 5.—Newport never looked more beautiful than it did this week. Just to get a breath of the old place I ran out here for a couple of days. It was worth the journey, tiresome as it was. A cloudless sky smiled down into a blue sea that laughed back again. Grass was velvet green on every lawn, and the abundant foliage had all the luxuriance of early June. Ozone was everywhere. It acted like a tonic. I took the ten-mile drive, and when it was over I felt as though I could take it again at once.

Everywhere I saw preparations being made for the coming season. There were gardeners at work about every one of the "show" places, and house cleaners were prominent at every turn. The lawn mower clicked all day and the pruning knife glistened on every hand. Up to last week, they told me, the weather had been miserable. Rain was frequent and it was so cold as to be disagreeable. Bellevue avenue and the Ocean Drive had been practically deserted. But the sunshine of the latter part of last week brought the people out of their houses and quickly made Newport look like its old self.

There are more people in the City-by-the-Sea just now than is usual at this time of the year. And yet these people claim that the season will not be particularly gay from a social standpoint. They hold that many of the rich who have done so much to make Newport famous for its hospitality and for its lavish expenditure of money will not be able to participate in the festivities this season because they are in mourning.

And yet, while they are braving the season, as it were, these same calamity croakers are all just as busy as can be looking after the renovation of their own houses. They are leaving nothing undone to assure their individual success, and this leads the experienced observer to conclude that there will be enough of gaiety at Newport before the season ends.

It is depressing to think that mourning has practically removed from the scene of action the Vanderbilts, the Havemeyers, the Thorns, the Kanes, the Osgoods, the Kernochans, the Duryeas, the Cuttings and the Gammells.

"The Breakers," the splendid mansion of Cornelius Vanderbilt, is boarded up from top to bottom. There is absolutely no evidence of any preparation to reopen the place. It looks like some great public institution. It has been said that Mr. Vanderbilt and his family will return to America and occupy "The Breakers" this Summer. In my mind that is a grave question. Mr. Vanderbilt has gone abroad in the search of health. If he finds it or any indication of it he is likely to stay where it comes to him. If he doesn't find it he will probably return to America and go to "The Breakers." But that fact will have no bearing on the social season at Newport. Mr. Vanderbilt will be just as much out of the social swim at his Summer place as if he had

remained in Europe. He will not entertain and will not be in any sense a factor in entertainment.

The Havemeyers, who have always exercised such a delightful influence over the social body at Newport, will occupy their cottage, but will take no part in the gayeties of the season.

Miss Gammell, who lost her mother while crossing the Channel, shows the effects of that shock. She is pale and thin and careworn, with traces of the deepest grief in her face.

In view of these misfortunes and the gloom that follows them, we must look elsewhere for the gaiety of the coming season. A woman of fashion, who usually knows what she is talking about, said to me while I was in Newport that she thought this season would be a Drexel season.

Both John R. Drexel and Anthony J. Drexel will be there this year, one in the Fairman Rogers place and the other in the Kernochan cottage. And the general impression in Newport now is that they are going to sweep things. At any rate, the Newport people know that they can sweep things if they so desire. Furthermore, the Newport people are quite willing, even anxious, that the Drexels should sweep things, and they don't care how quickly they begin.

It is generally conceded that Mrs. Potter Palmer would like to do a little sweeping, but to sweep in Newport costs money. To sweep clean costs a lot of money. Mrs. Potter Palmer, while she would like to sweep, also likes to keep her money. She can't do both, and the impression is among the Newporters who have already had experience of her that she will leave the sweeping to somebody else.

I've read a lot about the wonderful changes that the Drexels have made in the Fairman Rogers place, but really I couldn't see any marvelous metamorphoses. A few little towers and apses have been added, and there is some enlargement, but nothing to warrant the panegyrics that have been pronounced upon the wonderful taste and lavish expense displayed in these changes.

The great expense, however, will be in the decoration. Mrs. Drexel says that the place will not be entirely finished for six weeks. The decorations are to be done under the direction of some famous French artist, who has been imported for the purpose, and who is to receive a fabulous sum for his services.

The other Drexels are not making such a splurge, but I dare say they will be glad enough to play second fiddle to a tune like that.

The Calvin Brices have cut quite a figure at Newport in recent years, and will do so again. They will be at Beaulieu, William Waldorf Astor's place, and will doubtless give the vaudeville performances and trained dog shows on the lawn that caused so much comment the last two seasons.

Mrs. Astor will occupy Beechwood as usual, and will be visited there by the John Jacob Astors for a short time. Perry Belmont will be at his By-the-Sea, and Lispenard Stewart is already comfortable in his cottage. James J. Van Alen is superintending the renovation of Wakehurst, and will doubtless keep his reputation as a host unimpaired.

Marble House, which is always the first place that the tourist wants to see in Newport, will not be the scene of any remarkable festivities. It will be occupied, as it was last season, by Willie K. Vanderbilt's two sons and their mother's sister, Miss Smith.

On the other hand, Belcourt will be very gay. Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Belmont are expected there within a month, and preparations for their coming are already being made. Indeed, there was about as much activity at Belcourt as at any other place that I saw in Newport.

The Hollis Hunnewells will come on from Boston on July 1, and occupy their Clay street cottage. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pendleton Rogers are already in Pinard Cottage No. 5, and Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan Winthrop are in another of the Pinard cottages.

That Newport isn't by any means dull, even so early in the season as this, may be judged from a glance at the following list of people who have already opened their cottages for the season:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Oelrichs, George B. Fearing, Henry A. C. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Sheldon, Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan Winthrop, Mr. and Mrs. William Watts Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. Whitney Warren, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wadsworth Ritchie, Mr. and Mrs. Seth B. French, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. William F. Burden, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webster, J.V. Parker, Lispenard Stewart, Major and Mrs. T. K. Gibbs, Miss Gammell, Mrs. C. L. Best, Thomas F. Cushing, Mrs. J. B. Fry, Mr. and Mrs. T. Sully Darley, Mrs. David King, Mrs. John La Farge, T. W. Finney, Mr. and Mrs. William C. Schermerhorn, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Eorchan, William R. Travers, Mrs. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby, Professor Agassiz, Mr. and Mrs. Hutton and Mr. and Mrs. Wharton.

Now, that is a brave showing for the first of June, and it is getting better every day. Newport's natural advantages make it one of the most desirable Summer resorts in America. Its social exclusiveness makes it the one place toward which the eyes of fashion are always turned in reverence and in longing. It is too early yet to foretell details, but I am satisfied that when the Newport season of 1897 shall have been weighed in the scales of retrospection it will not have been found wholly wanting.